

MME. BLANC, FRENCH PSYCHOLOGIST FOREDOOMS ROMANCE OF MATHILDE M'CORMICK AND MAX OSER, SWISS RIDING MASTER

"YOUTH CANNOT MATE WITH AGE," SAYS THIS SEER

Nature, Cupid and Science Forbid the Match; Femininity at 17 Is Devoid of Reason; Love of Aged Men for Beautiful Young Women Is Not the Same as the Love of Youth.

By MME. LOVAGE E. BLANC.

(The Famous French Psychologist.)

CAN a sixteen-year-old American girl marry a foreigner thirty years her senior and be happy? Can the warmth and gaiety of spring romp joyously through the fields of connubial love with the cold and gray winter?

Can youth mate with age?

All very ticklish questions, and who shall answer them?

Harold F. McCormick, father of sixteen-year-old Mathilda McCormick, approves of her marriage to Max Oser, a Swiss riding teacher, aged forty-six, and gives as his reason that he wants his daughter to be happy.

Does Harold McCormick, millionaire and divorced from his own wife at the age of fifty, know anything of the psychology of love?

John D. Rockefeller, grandfather of the youthful American heiress, also approves of the marriage, or the linking of youth with age, but insists that the husband-to-be shall become a citizen of the United States.

So busy has the American Croesus been in gathering oily dollars that he also is not to be considered competent to discuss such a question of love.

If Harold F. McCormick steered his ship of love on the rocky coast of divorce, it is more likely that his advice to his daughter is worthless.

And still the Chicago millionaire and "angel" of the Chicago Opera Company might know something of love if any credence is to be placed in the rumor that as a wooer he has all the passion of an Antony, and all the charm of a Romeo—at least the Polish diva, Ganna Walska, is said to have made the observation that "Mon cher Harold is the ideal lover!"

Mama McCormick sits and sulks in her Chicago mansion, and offers no advice to her youthful daughter on questions of love.

"SADLY DISILLUSIONED." It is possible that Mama McCormick has been sadly disillusioned.

Yet Mama McCormick is not in a position to offer any advice about love and the disparities of age if the world is to believe the gossip going the rounds of Paris and Fifth avenue that she herself is soon going to marry a penniless Swiss landscape gardener, twenty years her junior.

Who shall answer the questions set forth above?

Nature throws open the pages of its book of Life, and turns to the chapter on Experience, and

the answer reads, "Youth cannot mate with age."

Cupid pulls down a musty volume from the shelf of Love, and points to line reading, "Love is life's young dream!"

Science becomes very much excited over the question, and is ready to engage in an argument on anything from sex instinct to the elixir of youth, but winds up by saying gravely and ponderously, "Biologically it is a mistake—happy mating comes only when man and woman are nearly equal in age!"

"WOMAN IS WOMAN."

Prudery steps in and declares there is such a thing as a spiritual love—a higher love where the concepts are far beyond such things as sex instinct and mating—but Prudery has enjoyed but little experience, and is not on speaking terms with Cupid.

The Psychologist laughs up his sleeve and says, "Woman is woman, and if you want to know anything about woman don't ask me, for she has been my stumbling block ever since Eve asked Adam to partake of the apple."

MATHILDE M'CORMICK, granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, and heiress to the "Harvester Millions," is steadfast in her determination to marry Max Oser, Swiss riding instructor, whom she met abroad. Miss McCormick is seventeen, while her fiance is in his forties. The wedding is set for this month.

Miss McCormick's mother made several attempts to prevent the marriage, but the heiress' father has sided with the girl in her determination to wed the riding master.



Nature, Cupid and Science say "No" to the question, "Can Youth mate with age?" and the chances are that between the three of them they are correct.

An all-seeing Providence put man and woman on earth for a definite purpose—man to make love to woman, and woman to attract the love of man. And

around this self-evident proposition Nature threw its laws, the first of which is that "Youth cannot mate with age!"

Violative of all the canons of

biology is the belief that tempestuous fiery youth can find happiness in the arms of old age. Solace and protection may be found in the repose in an old man's arms; connubial bliss, NEVER!

"RESULT IS TRAGEDY."

Forget what Prudery says, for she knows not whereof she speaks. Listen to Science—cold, truthful science—and heed his words.

Marriage is primarily biologic. It is the instinct of sex. Instinctive sex attraction is the whole basis of love. The matting of age and youth is but a flitting fever of the senses. Love is too frequently confounded with this fever of the senses, and the result is tragedy.

Woman's existence, in fact her whole career, is devoted to acquiring a husband. A husband is something different than a spiritual lover, or just a kind man about the house. Husband means a mate, and in the choice of a lifetime youth is often un-

able to make a suitable selection even when she chooses youth. But she errs openly when age is chosen.

Flapping femininity knows not where to turn for a pilot when she is traveling through the murky waters of the sea of Love, and as a consequence she is often wrecked on the shoals of incompatibility.

NOT LOVE OF YOUTH.

Love of aged men for beautiful young women is not the same as the love of youth—it is too frequently founded on the senses alone. Youthful love is real, it has life, it has vitality, it is tender and at all times beautiful despite its passion.

Girlhood at sweet sixteen does not know the meaning of true love.

Love is a chemical element of the soul, and until this element crystallizes in the heart there is no love. Love's crystallization does not take place in extreme youth.

For youthful maidenhood life

has been too narrowed to form any definite desire—desire of permanency.

A young girl is an ever-changing, ever-seeking, dissatisfied and discontented entity.

A young girl has had no chilling of the imagination through disappointment or disagreeable experience, and thus she can settle on any man, old or young, as the object of her love.

"FLAPPER LOVE PICKLE."

Between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, or the flapper stage, youth burns with all its force, and the girl forms images or constructs in her mind ideals. These images or ideals of man which she creates will be the object of love of a ravishing type. This love is as transient and as changing as the flapper mind.

Flappers don't love the man himself! The man in the real flesh is not loved for what he really is, but loved only as an image which the flapper has created in her own mind. Flapper love is about as fickle as the heart of a French boulevardier, and much more vain and showy.

True love is secret!

What happens to the lover of flapper?

She often suffers electrocution because she doesn't know the difference between love and base passion.

Age is the only thing which brings the flapper to her senses, and aging for all of the female species is a most painful ordeal. With age comes experience. Experience means disillusionment. Mistrust follows upon the heels of disillusionment, and with mistrust down comes the image, the mental image of the wonderful man.

"FLAPPER HAS NO REASON."

Man has feet of clay!

Imagination no longer in the heart of the young, a true and lasting love may take its place, provided the fires of the first love have not blazed beyond folly.

Femininity at sixteen is devoid of reason. Flapping femininity is emotionalism of the thirty-third degree. Flapping femininity always surrenders to imagination.

And how different is the image from the real, genuine and guaranteed article.

And this is particularly true when Miley goes on a shopping tour to buy a man. When she unpacks the purchased article, the man, and sets him down in her boudoir she finds he is not at all like the sample which she saw in the window.

It is too late to send him back, and after having him about the house for awhile Miley either sells him second-hand to one of her friends, or takes him up to the top of Divorce Mountain and kicks him into the Valley of Discarded Husbands.

By BERNARD SHAW: Death Penalty Is Only a Cheap Way to Curb Crime

This is the fifth of a series of articles by George Bernard Shaw, in which he condemns society's attitude toward and endorsement of modern methods of punishment for criminals. Other articles will follow.

THE slaughtering of incorrigibly dangerous persons, as distinguished from the untimely execution of murderers who have violated the commandment not to kill, cannot be established summarily by these practical considerations.

In spite of their cogency we have not only individuals who are resolutely and uncompromisingly opposed to slaying under any provocation whatever, we have nations who have abolished the death penalty and who regard our retention of it as barbarous.

Wider than any nation, we have the Roman Catholic Church, which insists literally on absolute obedience to the commandment and condemns even the killing of an unborn child to save the mother's life as murder.

In practice this obligation has been evaded so grossly—by the Inquisition, for example, which refused to slay the heretic, but handed him over to the secular arm with a formal recommendation to mercy, knowing that the secular arm would immediately burn him—that the case of the church might be cited to illustrate the uselessness of barring the death penalty.

But it also illustrates the persistence and antiquity of a point of conscience which still defies all arguments from expediency.

Cheap Way Out.

That point of conscience may be called a superstition because it is old as Buddhism or the story of Cain and Abel, and because it is difficult to find any rational basis for it. But there is something to be said for it all the same.

Killing is a dangerously cheap way out of a difficulty. "Stone dead hath no fellow" was a handy formula for Cromwell's troops in dealing with the Irish; still, that precedent is not very reassuring.

All the social problems of all the countries can be got rid of by extirpating the inhabitants; but to get rid of a problem is not to solve it. It may be argued that if society were to forego its power of slaying, and also its practice of punishment, it would have a strong incentive to find out how to correct the apparently incorrigible.

It is true that whenever it has renounced its power to slay it has substituted a horribly rigorous, and indeed virtually, lethal imprisonment; but this does not apply to homicidal lunatics, our comparatively lenient treatment of whom at Broadmoor could obviously be extended to sane murderers.

Besides, the proposal to slay the incorrigibly dangerous is not peculiar to murder. It has nothing to do with capital punishment as at present practised; indeed, it implies that executions of murderers, traitors, pirates, ravishers, incendiaries and vitriol throwers under existing laws may be a stupid waste of human life.

The Oxford Dictionary owes several of its pages to a homicide who was detained at Broadmoor (the English asylum for criminal lunatics) during the pleasure of the Crown.

The really hard cases are those which might, if not disposed of by the lethal method, involve caging men as tigers are caged pending the discovery of some method of taming them.

Granted that it is questionable whether the public conscience which tolerates such caging is

The Attempt to Reform the Incurably Dangerous May Come to Be Classed with the Attempt to Propitiate a Sacred Rattlesnake, and a Higher Civilization Does Not Make Greater Sacrifices, It Kills the Snake—An Antique Problem That Is Still Unsolved by Any Modern Methods.

really more sensitive or thoughtful than that which demands the lethal solution, and that at the present time executions, and even floggings, do not harden the authorities and lower the standard of humanity all through our penal system as continuing penalties do, yet the reluctance remains.

The moment it is pointed out that if we kill incurable criminals we may as well kill incurable invalids, people realize with a shock that the urge of horror, hatred, and vengeance is needed to nerve them—or unnerve them—to slay.

Responsibilities Great.

The moment I force humane people to face its consideration as I am doing now, I produce a terrified impression that I want to hang everybody.

In vain do I protest that I am dealing with a very small class of human monsters, and that as far as crime is concerned our indiscriminate hanging of wilful murderers and traitors slays more in one year than dispassionate lethal treatment would be likely to slay in ten.

I am asked at once who is to be trusted with the appalling responsibility of deciding whether a man is to live or to die, and what government could be trusted not to kill its enemies under the pretence that they are enemies of society.

The reply is obvious. Such responsibilities must be taken, and

whether we are fit for them or not, if civilized society is to be organized. No unofficial person denies that they are absurd.

I can say for my own part as a vehement critic and opponent of all the governments of which I have had any experience that I am the last person to forget that the governments use the criminal law to suppress and exterminate their opponents whenever the opposition becomes really acute, and that the more virtuous the revolutionist and the more vicious the government, the more likely it is to kill him, and to do so under pretence of his being one of the dangerous persons for whom the lethal treatment would be reserved.

It has been pointed out again and again that it is in the very nature of power to corrupt those to whom it is entrusted, and that to God alone belongs the awful prerogative of dismissing the soul from the body.

Tolstoy has exhausted the persuasions of literary art in exhorting us and that we resist not evil; and men have suffered abominable persecutions sooner than accept military service with its chief command, Thou shalt kill.

All that leaves the problem just where it was. The irresponsible humanitarian citizen may indulge his pity and sympathy to his heart's content, knowing that there, but for the grace of God, goes he whenever a criminal passes to his doom; but he who

has to govern finds that he must either abdicate, and that promptly, or else take on himself as best he can many of the attributes of God.

Power of Decision.

He must decide what is good and what is evil; he must force men to do certain things and refrain from doing certain other things whether their consciences approve or not; he must resist evil resolutely and continually, possibly and preferably without malice or revenge, but certainly with the effect of disarming it, preventing it, stamping it out, and creating public opinion against it.

In short, he must do all sorts of things which he is manifestly not ideally fit to do, and let us hope, does with becoming misgivings; but they must be done all the same, well or ill, somehow and by somebody. If I were to ignore this everyone who has had any experience or government would throw these pages aside as those of an inexperienced sentimentalist or an impossibilist Anarchist.

Nevertheless, certain lines have to be drawn limiting the activities of governments and allowing the individual to be a law unto himself in certain matters.

For instance, we are obliged (if we are wise) to tolerate sedition and blasphemy to a considerable extent because sedition and blas-

phemy are nothing more than the advocacy of changes in the established forms of government, morals and religion; and without such changes there can be no social solution.

But as governments are not always wise, it is difficult enough to secure this intellectual anarchy or, as we call it, freedom of speech and conscience; and anyone who proposed to extend it to such actions as are contemplated by the advocates of lethal treatment would be dismissed as insane.

No country at peace will tolerate murder, whether it is done on principle or in sin. What is more, no country at war will tolerate a refusal to murder the enemy.

Thus, whether the powers of the country are being exercised for good or evil, they are exercised; and whoever proposes to set to those powers the limit of an absolute obedience to the commandment, Thou shalt not kill, must do so quite arbitrarily.

He cannot give any reason that I can discover for saying that it is wicked to break a man's neck than to cage him for life; he can only say that his instinct places an overwhelming ban on the one and not on the other, and he must depend on the existence of a similar instinct in the community for his success in having slaying legally ruled out.

In this he will have little difficulty as long as the slaying is an act of revenge and expiation,

as it is at present; that is why capital punishment has been abolished in some countries which still practice it.

But if these sinful elements be discarded, and the slaying is made a matter of pure expediency, the criminal being pitied as sincerely as a mad dog is pitied, the most ardent present advocate of the abolition of capital punishment may not only consent to the slaying as he does in the case of the mad dog, but even demand it to put an end to an unendurable danger and horror.

Pity and Ruthlessness.

Malice and fear are narrow things and carry with them a thousand inhibitions and terrors and scruples.

A heart and brain purified of them gain an enormous freedom; and this freedom is shown not only in the many civilized activities that are tabooed in the same tribe, but also in the ruthlessness with which the civilized man destroys things that the savage prays to and propitiates.

The attempt to reform an incurably dangerous criminal may come to be classed with the attempt to propitiate a sacred rattlesnake, and a higher civilization does not make still greater sacrifices to the snake, it kills it.

I am driven to conclude that though it is quite possible to proceed with slaying absolutely barred if voluntary custodians can be found for dangerous incorrigibles, as they doubtless can if compensating advantages be attached to their employment, there is not enough likelihood of this renunciation by the State of the powers of life and death to justify me in leaving lethal treatment out of the question.

In any case it would be im-

possible to obtain any clear thinking on the question unless its possibilities were frankly faced and to some extent explored.

I have faced them frankly and explored them as far as seems necessary; and at that I must leave it.

Nothing that I have to say about the other sorts of criminals will be in the least invalid if it should be declared that killing is to be ruled out. I think it quite likely that it may be ruled out on sentimental grounds exactly as it is practiced on sentimental grounds.

By the time we have reached solid ground the shock of re-introducing it (through this has been effected and even clamored for in some countries) may be too great to be faced under normal conditions.

Also, as far as what we call crime is concerned, the matter is not one of the first importance. I should be surprised if even in so large a population as ours, it would ever be thought necessary to extirpate one criminal as utterly unmanageable every year; and this means, of course, that if we decide to cage such people the cage need not be a very large one.

I am not myself writing as an advocate one way or the other. I have to deal with European and American civilization, which, having no longer than a century ago executed people for offenses now punished by a few months' or even weeks' imprisonment, has advanced to a point at which less than half a dozen crimes are punishable by death—murder, piracy, rape, arson and (in Scotland) vitriol throwing.

Dist and Women Police

LONDON, June 10.—Disbandment of the West End Police of London has begun. The corps has a strength of 400 and they will be disbanded gradually.